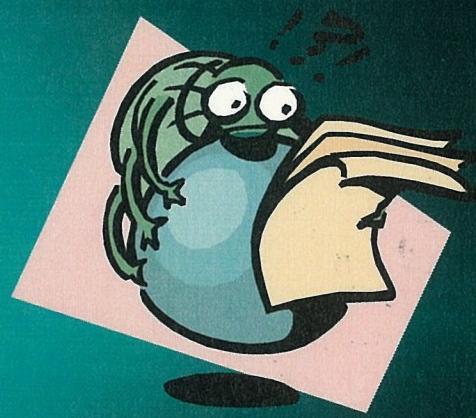
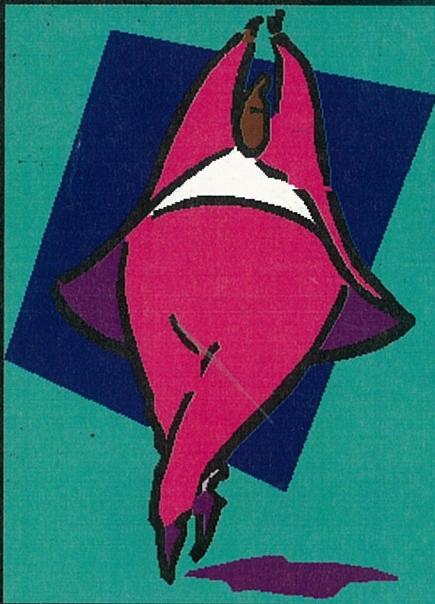


Really Mixed Up!!

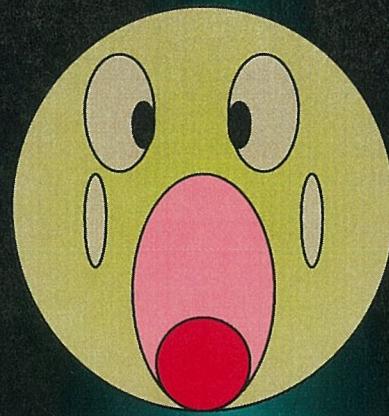
By: Alexander Gleason



AUTHOR NIGHT
Participant
Klein I.S.D.

Brandon Johnson was an 18 year old boy. He looked tall for his age, but I am younger and shorter than him, so I am not very sure. One night he was eating tacos and accidentally bit into a mutant 12 eyed toxic fly! “BLAACH! CHOKING!” He passed out. Dumm, dum...DUMM DUMM! “The name’s...” said ??. “Excuse me?” asked ??. He was in Soda Pop Inn! “The Name’s Blonde, James Blonde.” He told the waiter.



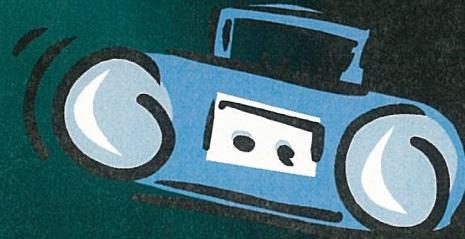
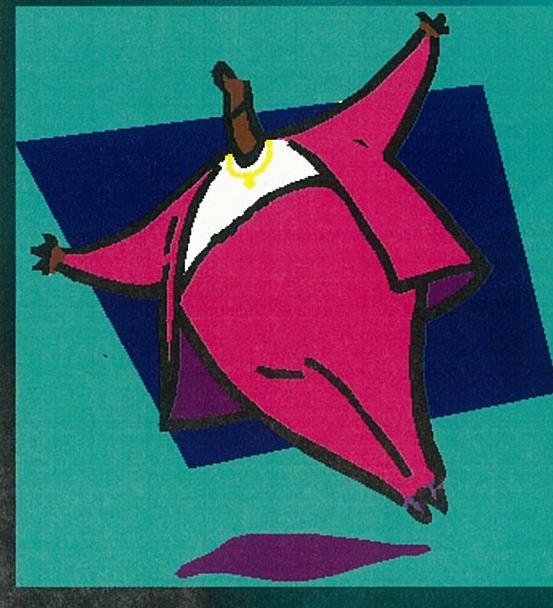


“I like my Coke shaken, not stirred.” “Yes sir.” said the waiter. He took a bottle of Coke and shook it up. POP! It sprayed all over his face. “AHHH!” said James Blonde. “My eyes! THEY BURN!!” he screamed. Brandon walked up to him. “Where am I?” he asked James Blonde. “The Soda Pop Inn of course!” said James Blonde. “I know that!!” he said. “I mean why am I here!” he asked angrily. “How should I know?” asked James Blonde!?!?”

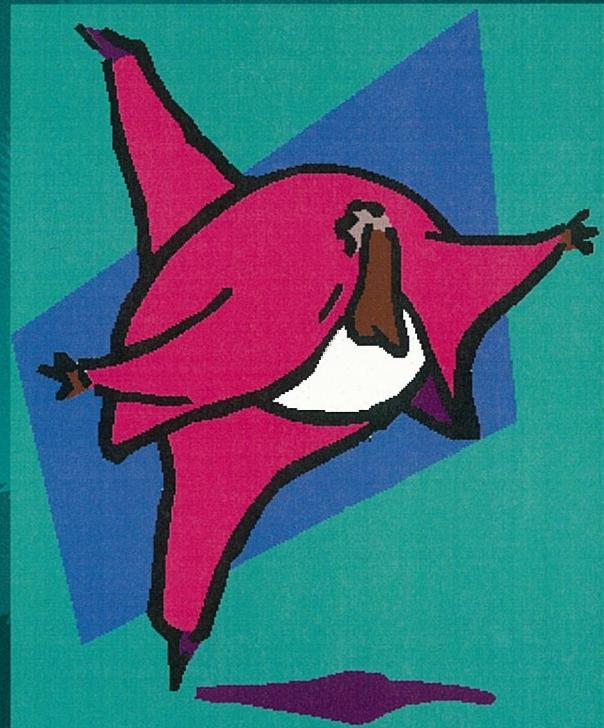
“Do you know
a way out?” asked
Brandon. “The front
door?” asked Blonde.
“No! I’m in a
DIFFERENT
world! How do I
get back to Earth!?!?” he asked. “I don’t
know. **BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A**
JOB FOR JAMES BLONDE!! Hey
what is your name?” asked Blonde.
“Brandon.” he replied. “Okay.” said
Blonde. “Come on.” Brandon followed
him out the door.

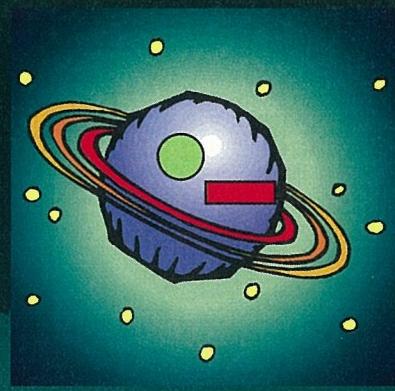


Blonde pointed to a building. “He’s crazy... but knows about things.” said Blonde. “What is **THINGS** supposed to mean?” asked Brandon. “I don’t know.” said Blonde. “He knows **THINGS**.” They walked in. There was a disco ball on the ceiling and loud music playing. The lights were out. “Yo! Yo! Yo!” yelled a grinning man with a necklace and a lot of weird clothes.

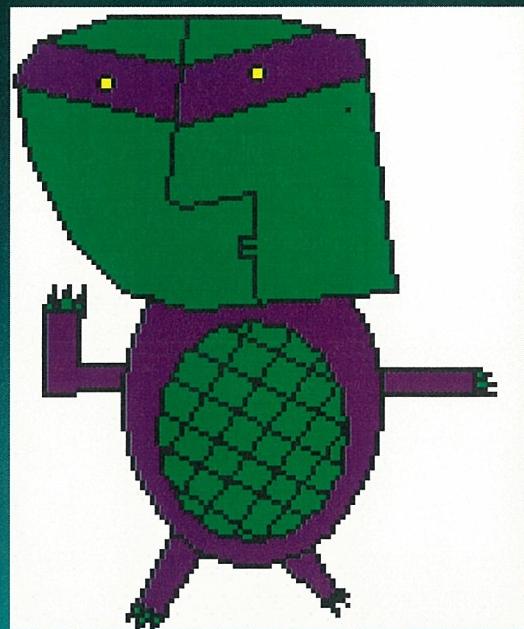


Yo! I'm D.J. Funk Daddy in da house!!" he said. "And you are?" he asked Brandon. "Uhhh... Brandon." "What's your last name?" "Okay! Johnson!" "B..J. in da house!" yelled Funk Daddy.

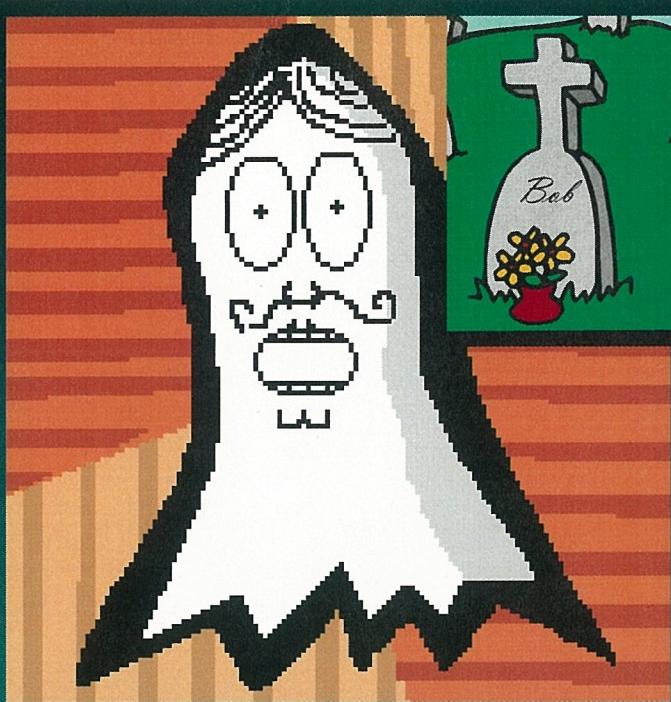




“He needs help.” said Blonde to Funk Daddy pointing at Brandon. “Hey!” said Brandon to Blonde. “Not like that!” said Blonde, grinning. “This isn’t his planet. Will you help?” he asked Funk Daddy. “Okay, but if he’s not from PU DEXIM YLLAER I don’t where he’s from. “Earth.” said Brandon. “I’m from Earth.”



They started walking to the front door and... “AHHHHHHHHH!” “We must have fallen in a sewer!” said Funk Daddy. “Inside?!” asked Brandon. “Do you think someone would be dumb enough to put one outside?” asked Blonde as they fell. At last they hit the bottom. “I’m Leonardo!” “I’m Michelangelo!” “I’m Picasso!” “What?” said Brandon realizing that they were the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. “Since when was there a Picasso?” “Since now!!” said Picasso.



“Okay!” said Funk Daddy. “Can you take us to the Halo Graveyard, get him back to his FUNKY planet!?” He was pointing at Brandon. “Fine.” said Leonardo. He went through a pipe and up a hole. “Halo.” he said. An early childhood rated ghost popped out and said, “Umn... Boo.” “I thought this would be cool!!” said Brandon. They walked up to the end of the graveyard to a rocket and...BEEP!! Brandon woke up! “I’m never eating that much sugar before bed again!!

The Author

Alex Gleason was born after you and is likely to die after you. He was born July 3, 1993, the hottest day of the month, and hopes to die at an age no less than 87 years.

He is now ten and was born and raised in Spring, Texas, and hopes to never move. His few interests are video games, and anything written by Lemony Snicket. He hopes for the 11th book to be more or less pleasant. 2004 4 22

With all due respect,

Alex Gleason